

1823 The 1880

Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.
No. 7.

JULY, 1880.

Whole No.
623.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress, and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same.

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SAILORS' THE MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 52.

JULY, 1880.

No. 7.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

IN A FIJIAN CYCLONE.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

SAVU SAVU BAY, FIJI ISLES, }
December 15th, 1879. }

My dear Father and Mother:—

I arrived here only yesterday morning from Levuka, and very glad I am to get safe home at last, for we were shipwrecked on the way, and had to swim for our lives; it was a terrible time. I suffered all the awful horrors of a death by drowning, but my life has been preserved, I may truly say, in a wonderful manner.

I left Levuka last Tuesday morning, the 9th, at daylight, in a cutter of nine tons, the owner and captain in charge, his name H—, a man of few words, a quiet, honest, trustworthy fellow, for whom I have a great liking, thoroughly up to his work. As crew we had a half-caste and two strong Fijians, only one other passenger besides myself: This man, A—,

was formerly captain in some merchant service, a very rough diamond, but at bottom a very good fellow; he came to Fiji about ten years ago, and is now a gray-haired old fellow, with a wife and large family of children. H— is in partnership with C— in Savu Savu Bay, brother to the one you know. They bought this cutter a few months ago, and have been running her regularly ever since.

We left Levuka, as I have said, at daylight last Tuesday, with a very light breeze. We made very little way that day, and anchored for the night close to an island. Next morning at daylight we started again; what little breeze there was was in our favor, but by evening it had died away and left us out

in the open sea. All that night we kept bobbing on. As soon, however, as day dawned, we saw at once we were in for something hot—at all events a very heavy squall was coming on—so we took in all our extra sails, and reefed close down, not a bit too soon. A terrific storm of wind and rain struck us, sending the cutter almost over on to her beam ends; we feared our two small sails would be blown clean away, but being new and strong, they held, to our great relief. At first we thought we were only in for a very heavy squall, which would not last more than two or three hours, but instead of that it increased in fury, and so rapidly that within half an hour it was blowing a perfect hurricane, and as we have since found out a regular cyclone. I have seldom seen such a sight; I never wish to experience it again in such a small craft. Our cutter of nine tons in ordinary sailing weather always boasted of five sails—a mainsail, a squaresail, gaff-topsail, staysail and jib. We took in everything but the mainsail and jib, both of which we shortened as much as possible, and yet we lay over with our lee gunwale under water the whole time. At first the sea was comparatively smooth, for the wind was so strong that it literally prevented the sea from rising; it seemed at first that it was impossible for the waves to lift, for if one attempted to do so the wind caught it and sent it hissing along in spray; we were almost blinded with the heavy rain and spray; and although 7 o'clock in the morning it became quite dark, and we were enveloped in a thick fog, and could only see a few yards ahead.

The storm came from the eastward, but soon shifted round to

the northeast, right dead ahead in our teeth; we then decided to try and make for the shelter of a small rocky barren islet, for we were out in the open sea, and this was our only refuge. We steered by compass for we could not see any distance ahead. H—— steered, A—— went up to the mast-head, and Lui, the half-caste, and the two Fijians stood ready. As there were plenty of men to do what was wanted, I remained close to H—— to lend him a hand if necessary. We were, of course, drenched all the time with the heavy rain and spray, but that was nothing. To reach the island we had to pass through some dangerous reef patches, lying a mile and a half from it, the passage through the reef only a very narrow one, being but a few yards wide. Not one of us spoke a word; I knew afterward that we were all thinking of the same thing, that it was indeed very doubtful whether any of us would see land again. We were close-hauled to endeavor to get as much as possible to windward of the passage, and we were anxious to get through before the wind shifted round any more.

After a long time A—— cried out that we were close upon the reef; there it was, a white seething mass of huge waves and foam. I looked at H——, his honest brown face as white as a sheet, and with such a desperate look upon it; we all saw at once that it was impossible to make the passage, close-hauled though we were, on that tack. There was not a second to be lost; we were almost on the reef; H—— tried to put the cutter about, she missed stays; we could not get her around; and the next moment we were broadside on among the huge waves and

white foam right on the reef, which here is some fifty to sixty yards wide; an awful sea was running, and we were tossed up and down like a cockle shell. A—— the masthead roared out his orders in a hoarse voice of agony, "Luff, luff! keep her full! luff, luff! keep her full!" and in that way we literally dodged between the huge rocks until we reached the deep water beyond. Our escape was a most miraculous one; one time if we had been in the trough of the sea instead of on the top of a huge wave, we must have lost our lives. When we were safe in the open sea again, A—— came down from the masthead, his face very white, and said to me,—"Sonny, I would not have given five shillings for any of our lives a minute ago." I looked at him, and H——, he was nearly crying with thankfulness.

The danger over, we had another difficulty before us,—how to reach the island; for the wind was gradually hauling round, and was again blowing dead ahead, and a tremendous sea was running. After tacking and tacking, with the greatest difficulty we reached holding-ground on the lee side of our barren island, and threw out both anchors and sixty-five fathoms of chain. Lui and the Fijians went ashore in the boat to cook; she returned for A——, who also went ashore. H—— and I remained on board, not anticipating any danger. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. Soon after A—— left us the wind went round to the northward, and instead of our being on the lee side of the island we were now on the windward side, exposed to the full fury of the gale; it was impossible then for the boat to return to us; the sight was a grand one, and believing

that our chains would hold, and not dreaming that there was any danger I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Where the boat had gone ashore was a narrow strip of white sand, with a background of trees, the rest of the island nothing but bluff, barren rocks, rising straight out of the water; a tremendous sea was rolling in, and dashing furiously against these rocks, striking them and rising high in the air, a mass of white foam; the trees on the island in their new spring foliage forming a beautiful contrast. H—— said to me: "What an iron-bound coast." I made some remark, I think, that it was very grand; and H—— said: "Yes, old man, but I pity the poor fellow who gets dashed up against those rocks."

Meanwhile the storm was increasing rapidly in fury, the cutter dipping bows under to every wave, the spray flying clean over us. We went down below into the little cabin and had something to eat, a biscuit and salt beef. It was impossible for the boat to come out to us; nothing could have lived in the heavy sea, so we were obliged to remain on board, the storm raging worse and worse. A little before 3 o'clock in the afternoon I went down below, for I was very cold and wet. I was down but a few minutes, when H—— called to me, "Old man, stand by to swim; one chain has parted!"

The tone of his voice was quite enough. I did not say a word; I felt the worst had come; I went on deck at once. There was H——, with nothing but his shirt on, his face very white, and with the same look on it that I had noticed when we were on the reef. I went to the bows, and of course saw at once that one chain had gone. I said to H——, "Let us lash two

oars together, and get ashore on them." He said, "Not a bit of use; you will only be drifted upon those rocks; your only chance is to swim, and try and make for that bit of sandy beach. It is your only chance, old man; if you get upon those rocks you will be dashed to pieces." Now, in order to reach that sandy beach we had to swim, in a great measure, against wind, waves and tide. I merely said, "I suppose we had better go before the other chain parts." He said, "Yes; if you wait till then you will have less chance." I did not say another word. I stripped my clothes off. As I was taking my shirt off, H—— said, "You had better keep that on; you will want something on shore." But I took it off, for I knew I could not swim in it; I, however, kept my jersey on, and there I stood, ready. We both stood together, hanging on to the shrouds, both of us silent for a minute or two, very quiet, and our faces—for mine must have been the same as H——'s,—very white! I looked at the huge breakers, at the rocks, at the distance from the strip of beach, and I felt my heart sink terribly.

I did not say a word, but I felt I could not reach the shore; there was no time for any cowardice. H—— told me afterward that I did not show the slightest fear, that he never saw any one behave in such a cool manner as I did. Just before I jumped into the sea, I turned round to H——, and said, "Old man, I can't do it." The next moment I was among the waves, swimming for the shore. I kept up my presence of mind grandly. I swam slowly and deliberately, for I knew I stood a poor chance if I flurried myself. I heard H—— plunge into

the sea behind me; he soon passed me, swimming with far greater ease than I did; he is much more powerfully built than I am; stronger in every way, and has led a very rough life since his boyhood; he stood a far better chance of reaching the shore than I did. It was terrible work among those huge breakers; they followed each other in such quick succession that when you did manage to rise to the surface after being overwhelmed with one, you had not time even to breathe before the next huge wave was upon you. I was getting very exhausted, my arms and legs so tired that I could hardly move them, and I found it more difficult to rise from under the waves.

I saw A—— (who cannot swim a stroke) on the beach, gesticulating and running about frantically. I saw H—— far ahead of me, still making good way; then I saw Lui, the half-caste, a perfect Hercules in strength, and a splendid swimmer, dash into the water followed by the two Fijians. I saw them reach H——; one Fijian remained with him to help him, and Lui and the other came on toward me. It seemed child's play to them; the breakers were rolling in toward the shore; as they met each one they dived under it, and so they came on to me. I was afraid they would not reach me in time, for I was completely exhausted. I had no strength left in me, and I gave an awful yell, and sank before they reached me. When I came to the surface, I found myself almost unconsciously between them, my left hand on Lui's shoulder, my right arm held up by the Fijian. We made for the shore; in a second a huge breaker was upon us, and separated us.

A——, who was watching from the beach, says he thought none of

ts would come to the surface again, we were so long beneath the waves; however, we came to the surface again, and Lui and the Fijian grasped me again; a huge wave separated us again, again we came together, and made a vain attempt. Lui said *Sa oti* ("it is finished"), took me off and made for the shore followed by the Fijian. I then heard a yell from H——: the Fijian who came out to help him had deserted him also. When Lui said *Sa oti*, and the two men left me, the agony of mind I suffered is indescribable; I gave up all hope of life, I was utterly exhausted, and down I sank. I heard the breakers roaring above me, I could not see my arms moving feebly about, my stomach began to swell most painfully with the amount of salt water I was swallowing, and then in the most unaccountable manner I came to the surface again, and saw them dragging H—— ashore. Down I sank again, and so on, until at last I felt dashed against the rocks. I grasped at them, but they were smooth and slippery, and back I was sucked again by the waves; the next wave threw me up again, and I felt a hand clutch hold of me and drag me higher up; I fully realized then how a drowning man grasps at every straw; the wave flattened both of us against the rock, which rose sheer above us; I clutched at it in a helpless kind of way, and most mercifully three fingers of each hand stuck in two small niches in the rock; I could only get them in as far as the first joint, no more; how I held on is a marvel to me, a marvel to every one who saw the place afterward.

The next wave lifted me clean off my feet, and towered high above us; how my fingers retained their hold I cannot tell, it was

pure desperation; as the wave receded the suction was very great; it washed the Fijian, who had saved me, back again among the breakers. I looked around for an instant, and saw him struggling in the water, but the next wave was upon me, a huge body of water, and I held on again like grim death, my strength was gone, my arms and legs numb, but I did not leave go; the wave washed the Fijian into a small hole in the rock hollowed by the action of the water; into this the waves swept with fearful force; but the Fijian was fresh and stuck there. After a while he clambered round the rocks, how I don't know, and went for help; he saw A—— and shouted to him for a rope, he (A——) chopped off the boat's painter with an axe, and sent Lui and the Fijians over the rocks to me. They came down from above and let the rope down to me in a noose; it was too short; they called and yelled to me to catch hold of it, but I could not, I had no strength left; they let it down a little lower; it was now about two feet above me; I waited for the next wave; it lifted me up, I made one desperate effort and caught hold of the rope; they dragged me up to a small ledge where there was just room for them to stand; they seized me by the wrists and legs, and there I vomited a quantity of blood and water; after a while they dragged me up higher to another ledge; as they were doing so the cutter, which had in the mean time parted the remaining chain, was dashed against the rocks, her topmast striking the rocks within a few feet of me. Well, they dragged me up from ledge to ledge until we got to a safe place.

The Fijians, seeing I was numb with the cold, lay upon me with

their their naked bodies like blankets until I had got some warmth into me; they then between them carried me down to the beach into a sort of cave. A—— came up, and never shall I forget the rough fellow's tender kindness to me. "Old man, old man, I never thought I should see you again; I told H—— long ago that you were cooked. Lui and the Fijians when they came ashore said it was impossible to save you, that you were a drowned man, that it was written on your face, that they themselves were nearly drowned, that the sharks were already at you." A—— fortunately had brought a rug ashore with him in the boat; he stripped off my wet Jersey, took off his own dry fisherman's blue Jersey, made me put it on, and wrapped me in his rug, and made the Fijians light a fire, and I lay close alongside. It was quite dark, then—just think how awful it would have been if the storm had come upon us during the night. The shake of the hand old A—— gave me when he first saw me I shall never forget. Soon H—— came limping up; we said nothing at first, but just looked at each other in quiet thankfulness. He then told me that he never had such a narrow squeak for his life before, that he also gave up all hope, and yet I saw him dragged ashore. A—— told me that they all rushed into the water and dragged him ashore, and that when he saw his face he gave up all hope of ever seeing me again, for H——'s face was like a corpse's, his lips livid.

That night, when the tide went down, A——, Lui, and the Fijians went to the cutter to get some food and water, for we were on a barren island without either; although the waves were dashing

over the cutter, they pluckily dived into her hold and brought up a box of tinned meats and a bag of flour belonging to me; they also secured a keg of water, so we were fortunately provided with provisions for a week. This was all that could be done then; the seas had broken open the hatches, and were washing the cargo out in the most merciless way. That night the wind went round to the southward, and then gradually to the eastward, proving that we had experienced a regular cyclone. The gale raged all night, and we never expected to see the cutter in the morning. We none of us slept that night, but we all lay down; an oar served us three for a pillow. A—— and H—— put me between them. No clothes had been saved from the wreck. A—— had fortunately his rug. We lay as close to each other as we possibly could, I close to H——'s back, and A—— close up to mine, with his arm around me. How bitterly cold it was! how the wind did roar! I could not sleep, my chest was paining me too much. I said, "I can't breathe." H—— said, "I am just the same; every breath I take pains me." I suppose this was the result of the quantity of salt water we had swallowed.

We were very thankful when morning at last dawned. H—— and I could not move; his legs were much cut about, but I was in a far worse state. When they hauled me over the rocks I was bleeding, I may truly say, all over: it was a great mercy no limbs were broken. I was cut all over my feet and legs terribly; when H—— and A—— looked me over next morning, they said, "By Jove, old man, you would make a splendid zebra." I was afraid at first that my left knee was seriously

damaged, for I could not move it, my feet were much swollen, and I had an ugly cut in my groin. My wounds were all full of dirt; there was no water to wash in, for we had but very little for drinking purposes, and it was necessary to husband that very carefully, for we did not know when we might be rescued. However, I bore all with the greatest cheerfulness—everything seemed so utterly trivial when I thought how mercifully my life had been spared. A—— told me that I was at least three quarters of an hour in the water, and two hours upon the rocks, so you can imagine what I endured.

When I gave up all hope in the water, I did not suffer one pang of remorse about my past life. I have always been told that when a man is drowning, all his past life comes before him, and he suffers horrors of conscience. It was not so with me. I thought of you, my dear father and mother, and of you all at home, and what a sorrow the news of my death would be to you all, and then, strange to say, I thought how people do lie. I have always been told that death by drowning is the easiest death, and yet here I am suffering agonies of pain; and I remember wishing if I am to be drowned, let it be done quickly. Then I thought, I am about to solve the problem about the future world, and I felt the same feeling of shyness and dread come over me that I have felt so often, and never could conquer, when I was outside a drawing-room door, and about to be ushered into the presence of a crowd of ladies and men. I have been asked if I never thought about the sharks which infest the place. I am thankful to say they never entered into my head; if I had remembered them I feel sure I should have gone down like a stone.

Next morning the cutter, to our great surprise, was still there; when she had drifted ashore it was high tide, and the waves wedged her in between the rocks most securely; twenty yards beyond the place where she struck, and she would have missed the island altogether, and been driven clean away; she came ashore at the very place I did, thus showing how helplessly the wind and waves had driven me; twenty yards more and I should have been lost.

During the day the wind and waves went down; the trees whose tender foliage I had admired the day before looked as if a severe fire had passed through them, and the leaves were all black and withered. I was bringing up a large stock of stores and necessities for the plantation; remnants only saved, a quantity of silver for plantation use gone, my good heavy coats that are invaluable on these voyages all washed away, cases broken open by the waves, and some of the contents washed ashore; even tinned meats strewn about on the reef; sulus (cloth for plantation use) found in strips all over the reef; my belt was picked up three days afterward.

The third day the sea was almost calm. On Saturday a schooner came in sight; we hailed her and she lent us men. All ballast was taken out of the cutter, two strong tackles rove to the reef, the holes in her were then patched up, and at high tide she was hauled into deep water, and by constant pumping kept afloat. Then it was decided that I should go on in the schooner to Savu Bay to break the news to H——'s partner, and send down a letter to A——'s wife to tell her that her husband was allright, for we knew that everybody would be very anxious about us. So I came on in the

schooner and reached this full of thankfulness.

My wounds cannot look more healthy. How I relished my first wash! I shall give the Fijian who saved my life a handsome present; he indeed deserves one, although he did not come with the intention of saving my life; he said to A——, "I must go and see the white man

die," and ran to the top of the rocks to get a good view. He saw I had life in me yet, and pluckily clambered down the rocks. How he found a footing I don't know, but Fijians are as sure-footed as goats; at all events he got down in time to seize my hand and save my life. Your affectionate Son.

From The Edgartown, Mass., Gazette.

COMMODORE JOHN DOWNES, U. S. NAVY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.*

The frigate *Macedonian*, Captain JOHN DOWNES, sailed from Boston for the Pacific, September 20th, 1818.—When a week out she was dismasted in a hurricane and put into Norfolk, October 10. Having refitted, she left that port, November 6th, and arrived at Valparaiso, January 28, 1819. It was then that I first met her commander. He was at that time 32, and I was 24.—We became well acquainted, and our friendship was uninterrupted, and continued until his death, August 11th, 1854. He was quick in feeling and action, kind, gentle, but impulsive and passionate; yet the gust was soon over, and he was lion and lamb almost at the same moment. He was friendly to me and I became strongly attached to him. During the two years and more that the *Macedonian* was on the coasts of Chili and Peru, and farther North, he protected our commerce; and as various consular duties devolved on me, sometimes applications were made by the same individuals to him and me. I was agent for the ship and negotiated bills drawn

by him on our Government for disbursements which he had to make. When he called on the Governor or other officials, I accompanied him, as he did not speak Spanish. So we were much together, and had frequent consultations on various matters.

Judge P^rEVOST, the Confidential Agent of our Government, was disposed to prevent Captain Downes from receiving compensation for carrying specie from one port to another in the frigate; but I expressed the opinion that it was proper for him to be remunerated for the great care and responsibility connected with this important service. The risk was very great at that time, in sending treasure in merchant vessels. On his return home, in 1821, in the report of his cruise, to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Downes gave the particulars of all he had carried, and of what had been paid to him. He never heard anything from the Department on the subject, and consequently inferred that his course was approved.

One morning Captain Downes

* HENRY HILL, Esq., the well known Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, from 1822 to 1854, and now a resident of Braintree, Mass.

said that his men had been so long in port and idle, that he intended to take a sail around Juan Fernandez, and be at sea a week, just to give them some exercise. I asked, why not go to Coquimbo, and call on Mr. STEWART, our Consul there? It would gratify him and other friends there, and I presumed an American frigate had never been in that harbor. "I will," he said, "if you will go with me." Finding that I could arrange my business for a brief absence, we set sail March 14th, 1819, and two days afterwards anchored in the harbor of Coquimbo, at the southern extremity of a spacious bay, and two or three leagues south of the town. We had taken our saddles and bridles, knowing that horses could easily be obtained, and we were soon among our friends, who gave us a cordial reception. The captain and his officers were treated with great attention, and after a charming visit of three or four days, and another pleasant sail, we reached Valparaiso, having been away twelve days.

One day, while the *Macedonian* was lying at anchor in Valparaiso, two midshipmen, who had been disputing about some trifling matter, went ashore and fought a duel, and young ABERCROMBIE was killed. His body was brought on board on a plank, and the next day was buried near the White Battery, I think, on the beach. There was, at that time, no place for the interment of Protestants; and some bodies which had been buried at low water-mark, were dug up and treated with indignity. In these later days, Protestant worship and burial are tolerated. Captain Downes was grieved at this sad affair, and placed young GORDON under arrest. In answer to my

inquiries, he said he did not know what more he could do. The Rev. Dr. ABERCROMBIE, an Episcopal clergyman in Philadelphia, got a letter from Commodore BIDDLE to me, to insure the safe delivery of one which he enclosed, "from an affectionate father to a dutiful son." But the communication came too late; the son had gone to his long home. There is some consolation in the fact that the foolish and barbarous practice of duelling is much less resorted to now than formerly.

Just after the *Macedonian* returned from a cruise, a little party was about to take a ride, and it was easy to get an invitation from Lady COCHRANE for Captain Downes. He took my best horse, which was somewhat spirited; but the rider, by good seamanship or horsemanship, managed to keep from capsizing, and we had an agreeable excursion. This was his first introduction to her ladyship. She was young, genial, a bold rider, fond of pic-nics, parties, music and dancing.

After we had become pretty well acquainted, I availed myself of what seemed to be a favorable opportunity, and asked Capt. Downes if he was aware that he sometimes made use of words that —. "Yes, I am," he said, "and no one despises the habit more than I. It is vulgar and ungentlemanly; but I have been so much among sailors. I never swear when I am in the company of ladies." He then expressed his wish to break himself of the habit, and said he would be greatly obliged to me if at any time I should notice an improper expression, that I would remind him of it; and I endeavored to aid him in avoiding unnecessary and undesirable expletives.

It was proposed to have a pic-nic

on the opposite side of the bay, some half a dozen miles from the harbor. The party started in one of the large boats of the *Macedonian*, the sailors being in their best rig, and a midshipman steering. Passing the frigate, the band struck up, and Lady Cochrane said, "Oh, Captain Downes, if we only had the band with us, our arrangements would be complete." The rowers carried us swiftly along, and we supposed the music would soon die away in the distance; but it seemed to follow us, and we discovered that the band was in a boat astern of us, which carried eatables, crockery and sundries. On landing, we repaired to a large house which had been engaged, and where the day was pleasantly spent. Our horses had been sent around the bay, and towards evening we had a pleasant gallop home; "fleet steeds" being needed to keep up with some of the party.

When Lord Cochrane was blockading Callao with three ships of war, it was reported at Valparaiso that he had said he was able to enforce the blockade, and would not allow the *Macedonian* nor any other ship of war or merchant-ship to enter. Captain Downes had previously announced his intention to sail for Callao on a certain day, and when these reports came to him, he with difficulty restrained himself, merely remarking that he should leave at the appointed time, and should be happy to take letters, &c. But he said to me, "I will tell *you* my plan. If Cochrane attempts to stop me, I shall pour a broadside into him, aiming all my guns to one point, hoping to sink him at once. If I succeed in this, I can easily dispose of the other two ships." He sailed on the day set; and on approaching Lord Cochrane's ship, the *Mace-*

donian passed her stern, the two Commanders standing on their respective quarter-decks, speaking trumpets in hand, and Lord Cochrane shouted,—“Hope Captain Downes is well.”—“Thank you; left Lady Cochrane well, eight days ago.” The *Macedonian* then ran under the lee of the other ship, backed her topsails, and Captain Downes sent his first lieutenant to Lord Cochrane, with his compliments. He then filled away and entered the harbor. When the *Macedonian* had anchored, Lord Cochrane sent Captain FORSTER, his flag-captain, who was his brother-in-law, with his respects to Captain Downes. Captain Forster was somewhat surprised to find that the cabins had been removed, and a gun placed wherever there was room for one, and that the men were all at quarters.

After a long cruise to the North, the *Macedonian* returned to Valparaiso, and the Chilian fleet was then in port. Immediately after coming to anchor, Captain Downes sent his first lieutenant to Lord Cochrane, Admiral and Commander of the Chilian Navy, with his respects, and to say that he would be happy to salute his flag, provided an equal number of guns should be returned. I was in the cabin when Mr. MAURY came back and reported that Lord Cochrane would give gun for gun, if Captain Downes would assure him that this was always required by our ships. Captain Downes was in a towering passion, and said, "I don't care to salute his flag, and shall give him no such assurance, and will do nothing more about it." Waiting a little, for the storm to subside, I said, "you always do require gun for gun, do you not?" "Certainly," said he, "we never salute on any other condition.

the English used to return two guns less; but they always give us gun for gun." "Well," I said, "Lord Cochrane can't know this." "Yes, but he ought to know it, and I shan't take the trouble to inform him." Things now looked rather squally; and I ventured to say,—"As Lord Cochrane is ignorant of this, and wishes to have the Chilian flag properly respected, would there be any harm in informing him of what is the invariable custom in our Navy?" After a pause,—“Mr. Maury, go to Lord Cochrane and tell him that we never salute without receiving an equal number of guns in return.” When Mr. Maury came back, the firing began; and before it was over, I wished myself away from the noise and smoke of the great guns. We went on shore, and Lord Cochrane soon called on Captain Downes, at my office. Every thing now was friendly and pleasant.

When the *Macedonian* sailed on her last visit to the North, the Chaplain, Mr. WILSON, being much out of health, remained on shore. He became more unwell, and died. There was a beautiful cemetery at Valparaiso, and application to deposit the remains there, was made to the principal ecclesiastic. "Was he a Roman Catholic?" "No," I said, "but he was a Christian minister, and an officer of our Navy." All my statements and arguments were of no avail. The old Canon would be most happy to do every thing in his power, but the Church allowed burial only to Roman Catholics. I then went to the Governor, who most cheerfully offered any grounds over which the Government had control. He stated that the Arsenal was their finest public building, and the enclosure was surrounded by a high

wall, and thus was free from any danger of molestation. This place was decided on; and Captain BASIL HALL, of the British sloop of war, *Conway*, attended the funeral, with such of his officers as could be spared; and his marines fired a volley over the grave. He had previously sent half a dozen of his sailors, in their blue jackets and white trowsers, with spades, to assist in digging the grave, and in carrying the body. These kind civilities, freely tendered, were highly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged; and the recollection of these friendly attentions has made the reading of his subsequent volumes increasingly pleasant. The commanders of British ships of war were uniformly friendly and obliging, rendering every assistance in their power when we had no vessel of war in port. And our officers were always ready to do what they could for our English friends.

(Concluded in our next number.)

Pitcairn Island.

Captain F. C. B. ROBINSON, of H. M. S. *Opal*, who by command of Rear Admiral A. F. R. DE HORSEY, called at Pitcairn Island to deliver an organ, a present from Her Majesty the Queen, writes as follows of his mission, which was accomplished July 2nd, 1879.

"It was placed in the islander's boat alongside the *Opal*, and although only weighing about 500 lbs., its height (nearly six feet in the case) made it an awkward and difficult thing to secure in a light gig in so heavy a sea. Mr. McCoy, with a picked crew, took it on shore, and it was most interesting to watch the skill with which the boat was brought through the

heavy surf. Repeatedly, after starting from behind the rollers to come in, she had to back out again clear of the surf till the exact moment had arrived, when, in obedience to a signal from THURSDAY OCTOBER CHRISTIAN, perched high on a rock, directing those in the boat, she dashed in during a quieter moment between the rollers, and was quickly hauled up high and dry on the beach, without as much as even a spray reaching the present. To Thursday October Christian, the oldest man on the island, is assigned the responsible duty of piloting their boat over the surf when it is dangerous, but the right moment for coming in appeared to be known to all, for simultaneously with Christian's signal, those around him involuntarily cried out, 'now bring her in,' and I observed that they appeared to watch out to sea for the right time more than the rollers off the beach; but familiar as these nearly amphibious people are with their landing place, and notwithstanding their courage and wonderful skill, serious accidents sometimes happen.

"Owing to the heavy rain the narrow path up the cliffs to Adamstown was so slippery that we found even climbing up it difficult; the sturdy inhabitants, however, thought little of it, for they shouldered the organ and walked it up to the top and to the church-house without once pausing,—no light feat considering the state of the path, and that their village is 210 feet above the sea. The night had closed in before they had got it up, but the full moon which had just risen made the little village almost as light as day. The whole community assembled to see the organ unpacked and placed in the church-house, and when there their first

impulse and act was the spontaneous bursting forth of 'God save the Queen.' As their sweet voices sang verse after verse of our anthem, their earnestness and depth of feeling spoke more than words can convey their gratitude and loving loyalty to the Queen; this natural expression of the fulness of their simple hearts was eloquence they were unaware of, and touchingly conveyed thanks which they tried so often and so hard to put into words. They appear to have feared that in leaving Norfolk Island they might have been thought ungrateful for that gift, and that in having done so they incurred displeasure, and had forfeited their right to be considered belonging to England; a present so unexpected from the Queen removed this fear, and intensified a delight too real to be called extravagant.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A Hymn At Sea.

- "Oh Lord be this our Vessel now
 "A worthy Temple unto Thee!
 "Tho' none may hear its bells but Thou,
 "And this, our little company:
 "Our church's roof, yon mighty dome
 "Shall ring with Hymns we learned at home—
 "Our floor, the boundless tossing wave,
 "Our field, our path, perchance the grave!"
- "Where shall we aid and comfort find,
 "With toils, and perils, all around?
 "Command, oh mighty God, the wind
 "To bear us whither we are bound!
 "Oh bring us to our home once more,
 "From weary wanderings, safe to shore!
 "And those who follow us with p .yer,—
 "Keep them, in Thy most tender care.
- "And as the needle, while we rove,
 "To one point still, is true and just,
 "So let our Hope and Faith and Love
 "Be fixed in One, in whom we trust!
 "His Word is mighty still to save,
 "He still can walk the mightiest wave,—
 "And hold his followers in His hand.
 "For His, are Heaven and Sea and Land!

The Dying Infidel's Sermon.

Father M——, of Mass., who recently died in faith, was once called to the dying bed of an aged infidel of his acquaintance. The good old man had long prayed for his friend, but his entreaties had never been met by the infidel's argument and scorn. As he approached the bed he saw that his friend was in agony. The man confessed himself a sinner, and that he was not prepared to meet death.

Father M——asked him if he had prayed.

"No, I can't pray. I have continually refused mercy, until it is now refused me. I have tried to pray, but my lips won't move."

"Are you willing that I should pray for you then, and let your heart's desire go up with my words?"

"No, you cannot pray for me; others have tried, but could not. You may kneel, but it will be useless."

And so the aged saint knelt at the bedside of the agonized sinner. Those lips had daily moved in prayer for half a century. That tongue had daily brought the name of sinners before God's throne; but, strange to say, all his faculties of speech seemed paralyzed now. Mercy was a word that he could not speak; and, for the first time, prayer was impossible.

"Now," said the infidel, as Father M——, rose from his knees, "I want to preach at my own funeral; and when you have closed the other parts of the service, I want you to come down from the pulpit and place your two forefingers on my lips, and say, '*this soul is sealed for hell!*'"

"You must spare me from such

a commission. It will frighten the people."

"It is my dying request, and I feel that you must do it. Let others take warning by my death. I cannot excuse you."

So Father M——, at his funeral, after he had finished the sermon, came down from the pulpit, and approaching the coffin, laid the tips of his fingers on those marble lips, and with tears streaming from his eyes, stated the man's dying request, and pronounced the words: "*This soul is sealed for hell!*"

Oh, my reader, whether Christian or not, be admonished.

If your peace is not made with God, remember that your soul is following that infidel's, and ere long will be *sealed*.

What are the Evidences of Regeneration?

Little or no evidence of regeneration is to be derived from a supposed ability to specify the time, place, manner, and other circumstances of the change. The principal evidences are:—1. A heartfelt sense that the doctrines of the Bible are true and excellent: 2. A delight in religious company and conversation: 3. Enjoyment in public, private, and secret worship: 4. Pleasure in reading the Scriptures and religious books, and in meditating upon divine subjects: 5. Joy at the prosperity of Zion, and a desire that the cause of Christ should flourish and triumph: 6. Humility and meekness in deportment: 7. Benevolence to all men and love of complacency towards Christians: 8. Hatred of sin and love of holiness, and a supreme and habitual desire after it: and, 9. Obedience to the commands of God in daily life.

PAUL'S BALANCE-SHEET.

The great apostle to the Gentiles, both from his own experience and under Divine direction, was certainly fully competent to give a correct detail of the losses and gains of the Christian, and of riches in actual reversion. We commend his balance-sheet to the careful consideration of the men of this world, as well as to the sufferers and laborers in the service of Christ, hoping that all may arrive at the same conclusion as Paul did.

DR.

"THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."

Labors more abundant.
 Stripes above measure.
 Prisons more frequent.
 Deaths oft.
 Five times received I forty stripes save one.
 Thrice beaten with rods.
 Once was I stoned.
 Thrice I suffered shipwreck.
 A night and a day have I been in the deep.
 In journeyings often.
 In perils of waters.
 In perils of robbers.
 In perils by mine own countrymen.
 In perils by the heathen.
 In perils in the city.
 In perils in the wilderness.
 In perils in the sea.
 In perils among false brethren.
 In weariness often.
 In hunger and thirst.
 In fastings often.
 In cold and nakedness.
 Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Total:—

*Light Afflictions but
 for a moment.*

Total:—

*An Eternal Weight of
 Glory.*

I RECKON NOT WORTHY TO BE COMPARED.

What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.

I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

 Temperance and Tobacco.

Below is a sketch of the remarks of Rev. Mr. Scott of Hollis, N. H., at the late convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at Nashua, as given by the New Hampshire *Telegraph*:—

Rev. D. B. Scott, of Hollis enlarged on the topic of "Tobacco," personifying it as a beast whose

breath was laden with the mephitic odors of pestilence and death. He did not say a man could not be a Christian and use the nasty stuff, but certainly he would be a better one without it, whether called "solace," or any other soothing name. Tobacco costs this nation more than all her churches and

schools, or her army and navy. The sum spent for it would educate three hundred thousand students in colleges. Suppose the hands and acres now used to produce 100,000,000 pounds of tobacco every year were utilized in raising grain, do you think we should hear the cry "hard times!" Tobacco debilitates the mind. This is seen especially in the loss of memory. Students in the Polytechnic school at Paris are divided into two classes, smokers and non-smokers. The first are always behind in their studies. This loss of memory has induced the educational societies of this country to withhold their benefactions from those who use tobacco. A long list of physical ills produced by tobacco was given and catalogued by high authority in the case of thirty-eight boys. Surgeons say that those who use tobacco have less courage under the surgeon's knife than those who are pure so far as this noxious habit is concerned. Its tendency is to damage the stomach, and this is bodily evil to derange the mind. A physician says that without tobacco even alcohol will not produce delirium tremens. Tobacco leads to a craving for rum. It creates an unnatural thirst which water will not satisfy. Of six hundred men confined in prison through crimes committed in consequence of intemperance, five hundred confessed they were led to drink by tobacco. The rum shop and the tobacco shop are connected like Siamese twins, and the back door of one leads into that of the other. The failure of the eyes and the trembling of the limbs are direct results of tobacco. Some persons are so permeated that the juice oozes from their mouth as though they were soaked clear through.

The present generation of men

with shattered nerves and enfeebled brains is a sad commentary on tobacco effect. One law should keep the nasty pipe and filthy quid out of a young man's mouth—the law of courtesy. The Puritans visited direct penalties on subjects who marred the Maker's handiwork by making chimneys of their noses. How interesting, how manly, to see a man make a squirt gun of his mouth, ejecting filthy pools of liquid for ladies to trail their dresses thro' or drive two horses hitched to a cigar steaming like a volcano.

If tobacco is such a Gilead's balm, such an indispensable adjunct to perfect digestion, why not have our mothers and sisters likewise smoke and chew? Suppose ladies should carry onions in their pockets and then insist on nibbling when you ride out with them, as essential to settle their dinners, would it not be just as rational as are male excuses for inhaling smoke and expectorating poisonous juice? Some good advice of considerable length to the Cadets closed Mr. Scott's frequently applauded address.

The Flaw in the Boiler.

The late Mr. W——, one of the leading business men of Cincinnati, was strongly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and in his gentle, quaint way preached many an effective temperance sermon.

He received one day a visit from Judge C—— of St. Louis, who then held the first place among the learned jurists of the West, and who was, besides, a brilliant man of the world, kind-hearted, brave, and loyal to his friendships.

Mr. W—— showed him over his manufactory, and his admiration

was especially excited by the intricate machinery, much of which was of brass, finely polished,—a work of art as of use.

That evening the friends dined together at Mr. W——'s hotel. Judge C——drank to excess. Observing his friend's grave, keen eyes upon him, he said, gayly,—

"You do not take brandy, W——?"

"No."

"Nor wine?"

"No."

"I do," frankly. "Too much, probably. But I began thirty years ago. I drank as a boy at my father's table. I drank as a young man, and I drink as an old one. It is a trifling fault, if you choose to call it a fault, and will hurt nobody but myself. If it has not harmed me in thirty years, I have no cause for fear."

Mr. W——bowed gravely, but made no reply.

When dinner was over, he said, "We had an accident in our mills an hour after you left. Will you walk up with me?"

They reached the mills in a few minutes. One side of the wall had fallen in. The exquisite, costly machinery was a hopeless wreck. Two or three workmen had been crushed in the ruin, and laborers were digging to find the bodies.

"Horrible!" cried C—. "That machinery was so fine and massive, I thought it would last an age."

"Yes," said W——, slowly, "*but there was a flaw in it.* A very slight flaw, which the workmen thought of no importance. I have used it many years in safety. But the flaw was there, and has done its work at last."

Judge C——'s face lost its color. He was silent a moment, and then, turning, caught Mr. W——'s hand.

"I understand you, old friend," he said. "I will remember."

How long he remembered, we do not know. A habit of thirty years is not easily broken.

Youth's Companion.

Good Bye to a Whaler.

A large concourse of people, including a liberal sprinkling of ladies, gathered at Osborn's wharf, in Edgartown, Mass., (Martha's Vineyard) on Tuesday April 13th, 1880, to witness the departure of the *Robert Morrison*, owned by Mr. Samuel Osborn, Jr., for a three years whaling voyage. As the bark swung away from the wharf, and her sails took the wind which was blowing stiffly from the westward, three rousing cheers were given by the crowd on the wharf, which were responded to by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the fast receding ship.

On the previous Sabbath evening the decks of the good ship were crowded by an interested audience, for religious services. Old men and children, young men and maidens were there. At the tap of the bell by Capt. MOSHER, the long meter doxology, "Praise God," was sung. The Rev. J. G. HALL then made an address somewhat as follows:—

"As it is said that man is one of the noblest works of God, so may it be said, that a ship is one of the noblest works of man; one of his greatest triumphs over the elements. For, in it, he can bid defiance to the winds and waves, and traverse in safety the pathless seas. A beautiful sight is a fine ship, even when moored, with her sails unbent; and much more so, when with her canvas bending under the breeze, she skims the

water plain. No bird of the air, but even the eagle in his daring flight, is so beautiful a spectacle as a ship under full sail.

"We are now on the decks of a fine ship. Here she is; look at her. From stem to stern, a sight of beauty. And from kelson to top-gallant-mast, as staunch and strong as when she first slid from the ways. She is a credit to the harbor, a credit to the workmen, and a credit to the enterprise of him who brought it all about.

"And now she is about to sail, with a company of men whom the Bible describes as those who 'go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters.' A ship is nothing without the seas. Man may make a ship, but God only makes the seas. Hence, the wonders that seamen see, are those of the Lord. 'He raiseth the stormy winds, that lift up the waves thereof.' Hence, my friends, put your trust in him, in any trouble.

"It is 'business,' that you are going to do, in the great waters. This is not a pleasure trip. And your business is among the most exciting, arduous, perilous, yet manly and honorable, in the world. You pursue the grandest game known to men. Is it right, to kill these monsters? We answer, yes. God has put under man, 'all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.' This is a lawful pursuit. And as John Wesley told his people, 'to get all they could, to save all they could, and to give all they could;' so we may say to you, 'get all you can, save all you can, and bring home all you can.'

"And take good care of yourselves, and of one another. Many a young man from this island has

laid his bones on the bottom of the sea. But it need not be so with you. In the ordinary good providence of God, you will be brought back in safety. May God bless you all, and bring you again in peace to your desired haven."

After the singing of the appropriate piece, "Within the Veil," Rev. Mr. Reid led in prayer; in which he very earnestly and feelingly supplicated safety and prosperity for the ship, her captain, and other officers, and for the men; for their protection from harm, physical and moral, on sea, and in foreign ports, and for their safe return; and also for the ship's owner, that he might be blessed in the enterprise, and rewarded in such ventures, which are not simply for his own individual benefit, but also for that of others around him, and for the town.

Another singing followed; after which, with the usual benediction, the assembly dispersed.

This was a rare occasion among the people, and many an heart said "good luck to the good ship *Robert Morrison*."

Norway at the Front.

Many will be surprised, when looking at the shipping in New York harbor, to learn that Norway sends out more vessels than any other country save Great Britain, and Italy follows closely after Norway. Seamanship is not a matter of climate in Europe. The Genoese, the Neapolitan and the Sicilian take to the salt water as readily as the dwellers by the Norway fiords. The favorite Italian build for vessels is the stubby brig, but the Norwegians prefer the bark and usually model a more graceful hull. Both nations are sharp competitors for the jobbing trade of navigation.

"The Mother's Gift."

Some weeks ago, says a correspondent who transmits the article now printed,—the *New York Observer* published a poem, in five stanzas, under the above caption. Many years ago, a Christian mother, daughter of a Presbyterian elder in New York city, and wife of a clergyman, copied them upon the fly-leaves of a Bible, which she gave to her first-born son, who afterwards became a sailor, and carried that Bible over all seas and oceans,—until, finally, he made a good profession of faith in Christ. It was sixteen years ago the first day of May, since that mother passed into the skies.

When these verses appeared again in the *New York Observer*, they were copied by the husband and father, and sent to every one of her eight children, with a note making mention of these facts, and requesting that, for the sake of that mother, they might be placed in the Bible of each; and they were gladly received. May they have free course!

Very recently that minister of Christ was sitting by the bedside of a sea-captain who is wasting rapidly in consumption;—"but though his outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day," for he knows whom he has believed, and is persuaded that He is able to keep that which he has committed to Him against that day. He is the son of a deceased sea-captain, and went with him early to sea from Cape Cod, and was himself master of a vessel before he was of age, and has circumnavigated the world in all waters. Reaching forth his hand he put a little Bible into the hand of the minister, and called his attention to a well-preserved slip "from the *Journal*," entitled "The Mother's Gift: Lines addressed 'To my Charlie,' with a Bible." "My mother," he said, "put this Bible in the care of a friend to be kept for me, who was then a child, until I should be grown older, and it was given to me with these her verses.

My name, too, is 'Charlie.' She was a godly mother, and I shall soon meet her in heaven." How many godly mothers will meet wandering sons there to whom they have given "The Mother's Gift," with their prayers! The verses are printed, below.

THE MOTHER'S GIFT.

Lines addressed "To my Charlie," with a Bible.

So young, you cannot pleasure take
In this,—but, for your mother's sake,

The gift you will not spurn;
And, oh! my child, in after years,
When forced to shed life's bitter tears,
Then to this volume turn!

Too young thou art to prize it now,
With merry laugh and sunny brow;

But when by earth's cares driven,
You'll love to read of rest above,
And prize it for a mother's love,
With which, dear boy, 'tis given.

When tempted, love, to go astray,
Pause! pause, my child!—oh! turn away
From Sin's alluring form;
Go to thy chamber, and, when there,
Seek in thy mother's gift, and prayer,
A refuge from the storm.

Read, my dear son, "believe and live,"
Then not in vain this book I give
To my own darling boy;
'Twill smooth for thee life's thorny path,
Teach thee to shun thy Maker's wrath,
And wear his "crown of joy."

When grief shall check thy young heart's mirth,
To weep that she who gave thee birth
Has passed into the skies;
Then ponder o'er thy mother's gift,
It will thy drooping spirit lift,
And dry those weeping eyes.

And as your hands its pages turn,
Resolve, dear boy, of Christ to learn—
Be lowly meek and mild;
Remember, she who gave this book,
May, though unseen, upon thee look,
Rejoicing in her child.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Obituary.

AARON B. BELKNAP, of New York, who was a well known and esteemed friend of seamen for more than thirty years, was a Commissioner to the recent Presbyterian General Assembly at Madison,

is. On his return he went to Keokuk, Iowa, to visit friends, where he was stricken down with apoplexy. This good man entered the new life on the 7th of June, 1880, in the 64th year of his age. Of a retiring and modest disposition, it falls to the lot of but few to be so universally beloved as was Mr. Belknap.

Mr. B. was a well read lawyer, long a member of the New York Bar, and his counsels were of great value to the various benevolent institutions with which he was connected. He was an Elder in the First Presbyterian Church, and frequently a member of ecclesiastical synods. Mr. Belknap married a niece of the late JAMES LENOX, and was

the counsel of that wealthy and generous man.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of New York on the 7th of June, his death having been announced, on motion of Rev. Dr. S. I. PRIME, seconded by Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, after appropriate remarks by Rev. Drs. ALEXANDER, VINCENT and HOPPER, and Elder WILSON, a resolution was adopted expressive of the deep sorrow of Presbytery at the departure of this excellent and faithful officer, with allusion to his devotion to the Church and his fidelity to every trust. No class will more sincerely mourn his loss than our numerous seamen.

L. P. H.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Labrador Mission.

BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

Quoting Rev. S. R. BUTLER'S recent words, which were printed in the *Canadian Independent* for May 20th, we find the following:—

"Some of the meetings held of late have been of marked and solemn interest. The school has gone on well;—some necessary repairs have been made on the building, which make it more comfortable for all. The attendance is larger than last year. The children had their usual Christmas tree, which proved very attractive to both old and young, and passed off very successfully. Miss Wariner also has a large school—quite as many as there is accommodation for;—another season the building will have to be enlarged, I think."

Miss TOLLER, the Corresponding Secretary of the Labrador Mission Society, at Montreal, adds:—

"Year after year Mr. Butler has been persuaded that he must give up the work of missionary-pastor in Labrador, on account of his failing health. With the exception of one or two short trips home, he has labored on in spite of increasing weakness, since the year 1864. His in-

valuable and unselfish devotion to the Mission, has induced him for some time to remain at his post in spite of personal risk to his health, because we have been unable to find any one to take his place. But he feels that the time has now come when he must permanently leave, and he intends doing so early in the fall. We have found it impossible, hitherto, to find one, able and willing to offer himself as a successor in this self-denying work, but we trust that God Himself will raise up some one suitable in this emergency."

Sweden.

STOCKHOLM.

During March and April, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG traveled and preached in the country, the fishermen and villagers listening to his messages of salvation through the Gospel of Christ, with great joy. In May he labored on shipboard, at S. He met, here, with many English speaking sailors. Mr. L. speaks, also, of frequently meeting Christians among these men, and among the Norwegian seamen. "Often," he says, "they ask

me where they are to go to hear the word preached, and I have the privilege of leading them to the churches and chapels. One Englishman on board a steamer, asked me if we had not a Seamen's Hall and Reading Room as in other countries, but I had to answer: 'not yet.' May the Lord soon provide for us in this respect!"

GOTTENBERG.

Rev. S. SWENSON, writing May 18th, gives account of the labors of Mr. RADCLIFFE, the English evangelist, who held meetings in G. for a fortnight during the latter part of March. These were characterized by the union in them of different bodies of Christians, by the outpouring of the Spirit in connection with the word that was preached, and by the stirring of souls to inquire in earnest for the way to life in Christ. Sailors came to these services, and Mr. R. endeavored to interest Christians, in providing a "Stranger's Rest" for them, in G., but the time did not seem ripe for that project.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Rev. Mr. WOLLESON's last letter is dated 20th May, and is of such interest that we print it almost entire. He writes:—

"It is my happy privilege again to inform you that our work is going on with an increasing interest. There is always a large audience at our services, and not a few (since my last letter) have been converted. Two sailors, one a Swedish the other a Slesviger, were born anew on one day (18th May). On the 3rd of May we had a very interesting social gathering under care of the Rev. Mr. Prior, who, with his excellent wife, is doing his utmost to make our mission prosperous. Between twenty and thirty young theological students and some clergymen were invited to come together. The meeting was opened with prayer and an appeal was then made to the young men to come and help us in our seamen's missionary work. The result was that

a great number offered themselves willingly, to do what little they could, and some of those volunteers have been in our mission several times, and have done us good service.

"The following letter from the widow and a daughter of a custom officer, in Trandhjem, Norway, has been very grateful to us.

"TRANHJOM, 6th April, 1880.

"To the Rev. A. Wolleson.

"Dear Sir:—My dear mother and I desire to acknowledge our heartfelt and sincere gratitude to you for all your kindness and labor of love which you have bestowed on my dear brother. According to his letter you have been the instrument in our Father's hand to rescue our darling son and brother, and next to acknowledging the love of our Lord we feel indebted to you for his conversion. My mother was always sorry for that wandering boy. He was as the prodigal without hope of life eternal, and void of spiritual comfort. It was a joyful day for us when we received the glorious news that my brother had become a new man, saved from an early grave. Glory be to God who has done great things for us for which we cannot be as thankful as we ought! My brother said in his letter that you, dear sir, had been unto him as a father. We beg of you that when he returns to Copenhagen, with his ship, you will keep him as much as possible in your mission. My dear mother would have written but she is old and feeble so I have done it for her; we both send our love and gratitude and remain yours affectionately,
H. W."

What Religion is doing, at Copenhagen, for Danish Sailors.

"A young sailor, native of Jutland, was converted in our mission two years ago. He then thought that he could be more useful if he should stop going to sea. Therefore he went to a school of education to study navigation and is now himself the principal of a navigation school in Langeland. He wrote to me (April 25th) that his school is now open two evenings every week, for sailors who are in that harbor, also that they can there read useful books, (a library having been granted from our mission) and wipe their letters.

"Another young sailor, a native of Copenhagen, who before was very wild and very worldly, became converted (two years

go) at the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., New York. He then made a voyage to China and proved true to his profession. Coming back he joined the church of Sea and Land, Market and Henry Sts., New York, and left for Copenhagen to study navigation. His wages from his voyage to China were all saved. He has now paid for his education, and the school where he got it, has presented him with a very expensive telescope, he being the best scholar. In every respect he has proved a living monument of God's redeeming grace.

"I have since my last letter visited 25 vessels. The sailors are supplied with the word of God, and I entrust to converted sailors, a Bible-bag with books. Of late I have frequently visited the prison. There was one seaman there who formerly wrote for me. He had for twenty days, black bread and water. After he had suffered his penalty I took him to my home and procured for him a free ticket to England. Otherwise he should be sent to his native home which he begged me to save him from. I am glad to state that he was sorry for his sins and felt that his punishment was deserved. Our Sabbath morning services on shipboard had their commencement on last Sunday, 16th of May, being Pentecost. We had a very solemn and blessed season together. I had also the joy to see a large number attend the evening services at the mission, who had attended our morning services on shipboard. Our mission was ornamented by the ladies with flags and green branches from the woods. I spoke to one hundred seamen in the morning, and fifty more in the evening, which I consider to be a large number at a time when there is so much to attract to worldly enjoyments.

"I am trying now, (some Christian gentlemen together with me) if possible, to get some alteration, by way of law, as to our sailor boarding-houses. There is a gentleman in Parliament who has promised to introduce the statements on the matter, to consideration. I wish that you, together with all our friends, would pray that this alteration may be accomplished, for then a fountain of much evil to seamen will be closed."

Germany.

HAMBURG.

The printed report of the Sailor's Institute for 1879, received from Rev. JA'S

EDWARDS, gives the following summary of work done by the sailors' missionary, for the year. About 6,500 visits have been paid by seamen to the Institute; 208 meetings of various kinds have been held in it, attended by about 3,100 sailors; 22 meetings have been held on board various vessels, attended by 500 seamen; 2,120 visits have been paid to British, American and foreign vessels; 2,000 Tracts and Magazines, 36 Bibles, and 40 Prayer Books have been distributed; about 100 volumes were lent from the library, and many given to vessels going on long voyages; 37 sailors signed the Temperance pledge; about 140 letters were received and 100 written at the Institute; and four tea-meetings were given to the sailors. The Report adds:—

"The New Institute, including site, has cost upward of £4,000 sterling. The donations hitherto received, including the proceeds of the Bazaar, do not amount to the half of this sum. We need more than £2,700 sterling to wipe off the debt which we have incurred. Contributions for this purpose will be received by Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, Corr. Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall St., New York, N. Y."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

The first impressions of an exceptionally intelligent observer are notable, and we therefore give some extracts from chaplain TREAT's last letter, dated June 8th.

"The work," he says,—"has been going on quietly and pleasantly. I feel myself thoroughly at home, and find myself doing what I have to do, with the same ease and comfort with which I did my work in America. . . . I think I can correctly state that the number in attendance at the Sunday and weekday services has increased, although as to this, it is difficult to be positive, since

the sea-faring portion of the congregation is so constantly changing. I am sure, however, as far as can be judged by outward indications, that the interest taken in these services by all who come, is greater than at first. . . . A large proportion of the attendants at all the services are seamen and officers of ships. I do not know that any unconverted men coming under the influence of grace, here, have been converted (since my arrival). I know enough to make me believe, however, that it is quite possible that in more than one instance this has been the case. But, chiefly, as yet, the spiritual results are in the 'strengthening of the brethren.' Christian men, among the officers and seamen, have had and have taken the opportunity of confessing Christ before their fellow men, and so, most effectively, of speaking to His glory and to the good of souls.

"A feature of the work that interests me greatly, is that which is done incidentally among the permanent residents. At a later time I may speak at some length concerning this feature. I will only dwell upon it, now, long enough to say that my first opinion that it was going out of my proper sphere to labor in behalf of shore-people has been radically changed. Of course I would not have felt justified in refusing sympathy or spiritual help to any. But I felt, at first, that what was done among the shore-people must come only when all had been done for seamen that could be. Now, I feel that for a better work among seamen it is highly important to gather a congregation and a corps of Christian co-workers from the shore-people by all legitimate means."

Italy.

GENOA.

We have the seventh annual report of the Harbor Mission, from Rev. DONALD MILLER. It is now ten years since he

instituted it. During that period, 1,526 Bibles, 1,967 Testaments and 8,846 religious books have been sold; 142 Testaments, 887 portions, and 71,860 tracts, &c. distributed in ten different languages; 27,800 ships of various nationalities have been visited; the Word of God has been offered to 122,400 Italian emigrants and to hundreds of thousand of sailors, of whom it has been impossible to keep any account. Nearly 1,000 meetings for English speaking sailors have been held in the floating "Bethel," or on board ships, with an aggregate attendance of over 24,000 men. The past year has been in some respects a remarkable one in the history of the Mission. In no previous year has the Italian colporteur visited so many as 24,680 emigrants, or boarded so many as 2,008 ships.

"The work among English speaking sailors continues to increase. During the past year the total number under the British and American flags was 14,945. And the Sunday and week-night services, especially during the winter months, have had a larger average attendance than in any previous year. Frequently meetings have been held in the saloons of large vessels when the little "Bethel" would have been overcrowded. The largest of these meetings was on board the ship *Albertine*, where no fewer than 180 sailors met to worship God and listen to the preached Word! These large gatherings, which are becoming more and more frequent, make it very desirable that a new floating chapel should be procured; and the fact that the present one is too frail and dilapidated to stand repair, makes it necessary to replace it at once.

"It was nine years ago that the old hulk, which was about to be broken up for firewood, was purchased for £28, and fitted up as a chapel and depot for books, with accommodation for a shipkeeper; the intention being to make the experiment at as small a cost as possible, and in the

ment of success to build a suitable vessel of iron. The experiment has succeeded beyond all expectation, and the old hulk, which has kept together longer than was expected, is now in danger of falling asunder. The time has therefore come when a good sized iron vessel, adapted to the growing requirements of the Mission, must be built. The estimated cost is £1,200, and as Rev. Mr. Miller has resolved *not to lay the keel until the money has been raised*, he will feel obliged if friends of the Lord's cause among seamen, who feel disposed to aid him in this effort, will kindly permit donations for this purpose at their earliest convenience."

Our readers who have known this Harbor Mission, for years past, as one of the most fruitful and promising of all those we aid upon the continent of Europe, will welcome the above intelligence; and some of them may be inclined to aid in the needful project to which the report solicits attention.

New York City.

Our missionaries at the SAILOR'S HOME, 190 Cherry St., reporting over date of June 15th, say:—"The Lord has signally blessed our work at the Home, since it was re-opened in January last. Sixty or more have professed to have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write,—Jesus of Nazareth, who has power on earth to forgive sins." And these men have given every evidence of a change of heart and life. A number have cast in their lot with the people of God, in the church of Sea and Land, and with the other churches in the lower part of the city, but some went away to sea without this privilege. Some of those who have been brought from darkness into light have been remarkable cases;—men steeped in sin and iniquity, several Roman Catholics being among the number.

"Besides this, a large number with

whom we have labored, have resolved to live a better life, and we expect to hear from them after many days. Some have signed the Temperance pledge and have become sober men.

"Besides family worship we have had a morning meeting in the upper room at the Home, Sundays excepted. Also four evening meetings every week, which have been very well attended, and have been full of interest. Many avail themselves of the Reading Room also, where there are good books and religious reading matter and writing material, and where we have often an opportunity to speak to the men of spiritual things.

"Our work among the vessels and boarding houses still goes on. In these visits we give tracts and other religious reading, with invitations to the house of prayer. We also visit the different Seamen's Hospitals. In such calls we have a supply of reading matter, Magazines and Testaments, which are all thankfully received. Here we have met men from many different nations, who are trusting in Jesus. Truly "God is no respecter of persons, for in every nation they that fear God and work righteousness are accepted with him." Seamen's widows and families have also been visited, as usual, and aided through the kindness of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

"Many men on leaving for sea have been supplied with reading matter, with Bibles and Testaments when desired. We have also letters from seamen from distant ports, full of interest, telling us how they get along in the Christian race, how the Lord has kept them, and is keeping them by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

Norfolk, Va.

In May, Bethel services were regularly held by Chaplain CRANE. The Temperance meetings had attracted good audiences, and were continued with unabated

interest. During the month the chaplain had visited 173 vessels, distributed 2,300 pages of tracts, 475 seamen's papers and magazines, and 18 Bibles, Testaments and Psalms. The *Temperance Banner* of May 8th, speaking of the good work done for Temperance, says:—

“The semi-monthly temperance meetings held from time to time at the Seamen's Bethel, on Water street, and now continued, have, we learn, been very effective in promoting the good work of temperance reformation. Many a hard drinker has been reclaimed; moderate drinkers have been led to abandon their pernicious and dangerous habit, and give their influence to the temperance cause; and the advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors have been greatly encouraged in their efforts. Not only have many sea-faring men, who are especially liable to become victims of intemperance, been rescued and made sober men, but a great many others have been reached and reformed at these Bethel meetings.”

Pensacola, Fla.

Chaplain CARTER writes in June:—“I have been at my Bethel work, and it is a comfort to see how eagerly the papers are received and read. I am encouraged by receiving intimations that my labors have not been in vain. A man met me on the wharf, and addressed me very cordially, saying,—‘but for being laid up in the Hospital and reading some of the papers you distributed, I would doubtless have been going on in wicked ways.’ Now, I learned, he was leading a prayer-meeting where he lived. So, I trust, the sowing of the seed is sinking in many hearts, and that at last a harvest will be reaped to the glory of God.” He adds:—“In sending some of the SAILORS' MAGAZINES to Quarantine, they were so gratefully received that I feel it a duty to mention the fact in this report.”

San Francisco, Cal.

The twentieth anniversary of the San Francisco Port Society was held in Cal-

vary Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening, 9th May. The Treasurer's account for the year 1879, showed \$3,511.37 received in the twelvemonth, as against \$3,197.78 expended. The report of the chaplain, Rev. J. ROWELL, speaking of the desirability of such steady Christian labor for sailors as has been put forth during the score of years just closed, says:—“where they crowd together, there we must catch them by the netful. See, then, how these men, who seem the most inaccessible of all, are really more easily reached than any other class. Other men you must go after, scattered in little bands all over the continent; but our seamen can be caught and saved, when massed in this throat of all the waters.

“Now let me illustrate this truth by actual facts. Here lies the bark *Cormorant*, with a crew of, say twenty men. These came from twenty different towns and cities, in different countries. To have saved them where they were, would have required twenty churches and twenty preachers. But here they are massed within the iron walls of one small ship. Here, first one, then two or three, then more, they come into our meetings. God's Spirit meets them, and massed as they are, the fire spreads readily, and soon ELEVEN of these men are joyfully trusting in Christ for salvation. The whole ship seems to be transformed. The voice of swearing and obscenity is heard no more, and captain, mate and men are joyful in a common Savior.

“But some of you are asking doubtfully, ‘Are you sure they are saved, after all?’ Well, let us see. The vessel lies here for some time, and while here they all appear well. They unite with the church and lead sober, honest, godly lives. Then, as they sail for Europe, they send us a loving farewell, which I will let you hear:—

“*Dear Brothers and Sisters in Jesus:—* Just a few parting words. We are to sail in the morning, and I never felt leaving home so much as I do leaving here. But we have the blessed assurance that we are still present in spirit, though absent in the body. I know not how to ask God to bless you for what you have done in this ship. But God will bless you and give you another ship in our room, that you may not feel our absence. Such a poor, lost sinner as I was but a little while ago! But now Jesus is

all in all. Oh, what an unexplainable love is this love of God's! We cannot realize it, but we are satisfied with our dim vision of it. Oh, dear brothers and sisters, pray for me that I may live in the love and fear of God, and may be made a useful servant to my Master in heaven."

"I think you will all say that this sounds like the voice of a real Christian. Do they hold out? This is the true test, and not their state of feeling when here." And the same hand that wrote the other letter, shall answer the question. Here is a letter, from the mate of the vessel, dated in Queenstown, Ireland, just five months after the one I have just read:—

"*My Dear Brothers and Sisters in a mighty Jesus*:—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of our safe arrival in this port, after a very long passage of one hundred and fifty-three days, and for the last fifteen days most fearful wild weather. But we are safe in the arms of Jesus, and nothing can hurt us. We have all felt the power of your prayers, for which we thank God, and pray that He will bless you and our little church. We thank God that though absent in the flesh, we have been with you in the Spirit. Holding sweet communion with saints of all things most glorious. We have had service on board twice every Sunday, but two, and on one of these we had service in the evening. It has been a most blessed time, and, though it was such a long and stormy passage, we have arrived all safe, with nothing the matter with ship or crew. Oh, brothers and sisters, continue to pray for us, that we may be faithful soldiers of the cross, putting on the armor of God which no weapon of Satan can pierce, and be ever ready to fight the good fight of faith, for Christ's sake, Amen."

"Now, my doubting friend, has this letter the true ring, or not? Remember, it was written after five months of trying experience. And as to the bearing of these converts while in Queenstown, we have a witness. A Christian residing there attended one of their meetings on board ship, and he said:—"It is something grand to see seamen so earnestly serving God." And when these men were paid off in Liverpool, one who witnessed the scene said:—"There were no boarding-house runners or tailors running after them." Now it is not often that we can trace the lives of our converts so well as in this case; but we have the blessed record that of all who were converted on that vessel, only one waver-

ed, at all, in time of temptation. One man, getting among old friends, was induced to drink, but he was soon brought back to Christ, a penitent.

"It would be strange if all our young converts held out as well as these, and we know they do not. We, whose lot is cast in a very tide of helps and encouragements, cannot know what a fierce fight with temptation these new-born children sometimes have to wage."

"God's Loving-Kindness Manifested in the Evangelization of Seamen."

This is the title of the annual sermon preached by Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, before the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in London, May 5th, 1880. It had for its text, Ps. cvii, 43, and must greatly have interested its hearers. Speaking of Capt. Cook, one of England's greatest navigators, he said that the results of his voyages in the Pacific show that God employed him to prepare the way for vast commercial and missionary operations. He referred to the evangelization of the Sandwich Islands, to the Christian settlement of Pitcairn's and Norfolk Islands, to the dissemination of the Gospel in Japan; and then to the career of the young Earl of Aberdeen as a sailor for years, on board American vessels, as a supplement to which he mentioned and dwelt upon the sending out by the Earl's mother, the Countess of Aberdeen, of one hundred Loan Libraries for sailors, through the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in 1874. Rev. Dr. Damon then gave to his auditors some extended account of what the friends of seamen have done and are doing, for them, in the United States, touching upon our Loan Library work, in which had been sent out since 1858-9, nearly 375,000 carefully chosen volumes,—and also of the SAILORS' HOME opened in this city in 1842, in detail, and at some length.

He bore witness to the general improvement in seamen's morals, but added that the Gospel has as yet only begun to penetrate the masses of British and American sailors. The preacher instanced JOHN

BYRNE, the converted seaman, so long a Christian laborer in our own service, as a man brought out of sin to Christ, many years ago,—for whom his (the speaker's) labor to lead him to Jesus, had been blessed. His excellent discourse was closed by a recital of facts as to the recent and current advent of multitudes of Chinese to the Pacific Coast of our own land, and their passage in great numbers, thence, to the Sandwich, and onward, to the Polynesian Islands. Our readers are familiar with the glowing anticipations cherished by Dr. Damon, in regard to this great movement. It must have been a satisfaction to him to present his facts,—and urge his convictions as to their significance, upon a great and representative English audience.

Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon Preaching to Sailors—Rev. S. C. Damon, D.D.

Chart and Compass for June is filled with record of the share of the seamen's cause in the London, Eng. May meetings. The service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, evening of May 6th, where this great preacher spoke from Ps. 95: 5,—“The sea is His and He made it,” appears to have been one of much interest. Our Rev. Dr. DAMON seems, however, to have been in special request at the various gatherings. When he was to speak at the Mansion House, May 3rd, one of the usual experiences arising out of his nearly forty years' labor for sailors at the Sandwich Islands happened to him.

A Captain Norice, who had attended his ministry in Honolulu thirty years ago, hearing he was in London, came to see him. There was also a Mr. John Whitmore (brother to the Sailors' Missionary at Ramsgate), who was also blessed at the far-off island about the same time. He was baptised by Father Damon (as the sailors call him), and now brought the Bible with the autograph and date, sacredly kept in blessed memory of that day. On the homeward-bound voyage, young Whitmore was made a great blessing to his shipmates.

The London *Christian World* says:—

“The speech of the afternoon was that of the Rev. Dr. Damon, of Honolulu, where he had spent as many as forty years, and where he had been sent by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S SOCIETY, and had also given away as many as 15,000 Bibles, which had led many to the knowledge of the truth. Their Sailors' Home had been in operation twenty-five years, and had quite revolutionised the state of seamen in that part of the world. He was also happy to bear his testimony to the improved character of British sailors, chiefly due to the influence of Miss Weston, which, he said, was really of a most extraordinary character. It was especially pleasant to him to be there that day, as it was chiefly to the Earl of Aberdeen, the statesman, the grandfather of their chairman, that Hawaiian independence was due.”

British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

The Report submitted in May at the the London Anniversary, says that in January, 1880, in the naval and mercantile marine of the United Kingdom, there were 4,000,000 of sailing and 10,000,000 of steam tonnage. Accordingly in the foreign ports occupied by the Society the steam shipping has received special and constant attention. For thirteen years the Society's missionary has labored at *Malta*, with perseverance, and with much success. For *Naples*, the Directors last year increased their appropriation. The Report notes the arrival of Rev. CHARLES R. TREAT as joint chaplain of that Society and our own, at *Antwerp in Belgium*.—*Rotterdam* supports its missionary and mission premises, without cost to the parent Society.—*Hamburg* saw its new Sailors' Institute completed within the year.—In the United Kingdom, the Report continues, is a fleet of 50,000 fishing boats. On the west coast of Scotland, on the north-west coast of England, on the isle of Man, and at several places in Ireland, the Society's missionaries meet these men.—The *Ramsgate* (Eng.) Harbor mission has a “Smack Boy's Home.”—At *Lowestoft*, during the past year, a religious work for fishermen has been carried on second to none elsewhere, which is

spoken of with great thanksgiving to God for its spiritual fruits.—The Report dwells on good work performed in London, itself, with much emphasis.—Two hundred and eighty-nine “Floating Libraries” were sent out during the year; 188 in boxes, and 101 in bags;—a total of 577 which have now been shipped, leaving in them 17,829 bound books, 1,249 tracts and 19,363 illustrated periodicals.—Twenty-five thousand copies of the new Magazine, *Chart and Compass*, were printed during the twelvemonth. Two prizes have been offered, one of £100 and one of £50, for Essays on “The British and Foreign Mercantile Marine, how best to improve, afloat and ashore, the material, mental and moral well being of our sailors.”

God's Work on the Shenir.

Capt. BLACK, Master of this British ship, described the work of divine grace on his vessel, to which we have before referred, in the MAGAZINE, at the Seamen's Missionaries' Conference, in London, in May. “Praise and prayer,” he said, “rose to heaven every evening, on the voyage to India.” So will it on all vessels, and on all voyages, when the mighty Lord of the Sea has “His own way again.”

The Scottish Coast Mission.

We gather from *Chart and Compass*, London, Eng., that this Society employs fourteen missionaries to seamen around the rugged coasts of “Scotia.” The income, last year, was £1,845 19s. 10d.

English Royal National Life Boat Institution.

The fifty-sixth Annual Report states that the Life Boats of the Institution during 1879, saved 637 persons from wrecked or endangered vessels. The shipwrecks on the shores of Great Britain in one year, by the last official returns, amounted to 4,436, accompanied by the loss of 892 lives. The number of lives

saved by the boats of the R. N. L. B. I., since its establishment in 1824, is 26 906. The income of the Institution (wholly from voluntary subscriptions) in 1879, was £30,125 7s. 5d., including £5,081 15s. 7d., for eleven new Life Boats; the expenditure was £36,546 3s. 6d. The fleet of Life Boats now aggregates 270.

Position of the Principal Planets for July, 1880.

MERCURY is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 3m., and north of west 26° 15'; during the fore part of the month is very favorably situated for observation; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 3rd; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 6th at 3 o'clock, being 26° 19' east of the sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 9th at 6h. 54m., being 2° 48' north; is in conjunction with Venus on the 31st at midnight, being 6° 30' south.

VENUS is a morning star until the evening of the 13th at 7 o'clock, when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun; during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 7th at 4h. 41m., being 1° 18' north.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 42m., and north of west 22° 1'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 10th at 3h. 4m., being 5° 28' north.

JUPITER is considered as a morning star until the evening of the 9th at 9 o'clock, when it is in quadrature with the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 27th at 3h. 19m., being 6° 58' south.

SATURN is also considered as a morning star until the evening of the 20th at 8 o'clock, when it is in quadrature with the Sun; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the morning of the 1st at 14m. past midnight, being then 7° 46' south, and then again on the forenoon of the 28th at 9h. 45m., being again 7° 46' south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Total Marine Disasters in 1879.

We give below, a recapitulation of the monthly statement of total losses of vessels belonging to, and bound to or from ports in the United States, showing the number lost in each month during the year, with their class and estimated value. The losses for the year 1878 are also appended:—

	Steers.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schr's.	Total.	Value.
1879.							
January.....	5	6	18	11	23	63	\$1,740,000
February.....	7	7	23	4	27	68	1,623,000
March.....	3	1	14	4	20	42	635,000
April.....	2	4	12	6	42	66	1,155,000
May.....	1	3	12	2	23	41	630,000
June.....	—	2	9	1	8	20	270,000
July.....	2	1	8	3	11	25	610,000
August.....	2	6	6	3	35	52	685,000
September.....	—	2	7	2	16	27	350,000
October.....	—	2	6	2	22	32	290,000
November.....	5	3	16	1	28	53	1,285,000
December.....	2	8	15	9	22	56	1,228,000
Totals.....	29	45	146	48	277	515	\$10,511,000
1878.							
January.....	3	3	16	7	45	74	\$ 987,000
February.....	2	1	14	3	28	48	835,000
March.....	5	7	8	9	19	48	1,087,000
April.....	2	3	10	1	14	30	710,000
May.....	1	2	3	3	12	21	445,000
June.....	2	3	2	5	12	24	720,000
July.....	—	3	2	1	14	20	295,000
August.....	—	—	12	2	10	24	420,000
September.....	1	1	8	7	22	39	670,000
October.....	3	3	15	7	58	81	1,162,000
November.....	3	2	9	9	39	62	1,378,000
December.....	5	4	5	5	41	60	910,000
Totals.....	27	32	104	59	314	536	\$9,462,000

The total losses for 1877, aggregate 496 vessels, with a value of \$10,377,000; for 1876, 449 vessels—value, \$7,890,000; for 1875, 373 vessels—value, \$7,612,000; for 1874, 351 vessels—value, \$3,786,000; for 1873, 459 vessels—value, \$11,783,000.

Receipts for May, 1880.

MAINE.	
West Falmouth, Capt. A. Hall.....	\$ 5 00
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Concord, Seamen's Friend Society for library.....	20 00
Hebron, J. B. C.....	1 00
Hollis, Cong. church.....	22 00
Nashua, Pilgrim church.....	3 46
Portsmouth, S. S. Middle St. Bap. ch. for library.....	20 00
Rindge, Cong. church.....	1 16
Roche-ter, F. McDuffee thank offering, for library.....	20 00
VERMONT.	
Greensboro, Cong. church.....	2 00
Pittsford, Samuel Wood, for lib'y.....	20 00
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Boston, Barkentine <i>David A. Prescott</i> , Capt. Anderson and crew, for lib'y	10 00
Schr. <i>Lebo</i>	1 00
<i>John Johnson</i> , Capt. McGee.....	1 00
<i>Anna Bell</i> , Capt. Coner.....	1 00
Cambridge 1st Cong. ch., of wh. for libraries E. B. Goodrich, \$20 F. Fleet, \$20.....	135 67
Curtisville, Cong. church.....	7 75
Dunstable, Cong. church.....	11 25
Hyde Park, Cong. church.....	6 97
Leominster, Mrs. G. H. De Bevoise's S. S. class, for lib'y.....	10 00
Milford, Cong. church.....	21 12
Milton, 1st Evangelical ch. S. S., for library.....	21 00
New Bedford, Trinitarian church.....	44 39
North And ver, J. H. Stone's S. S. class, for library.....	20 00
Pittsfield, South Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. for library, \$20.....	34 04

Revere, Cong. church.....	2 10
South Dennis, Cong. ch.....	9 64
Sunderland, Cong. ch.....	10 00
Townsend Cong. S. S. toward L. M.....	11 81
Waltham, Cong. ch.....	9 02
Yarmouth, Cong. ch. and Society.....	45 00
RHODE ISLAND.	
Pawtucket, Central Falls' Cong. ch....	56 34
CONNECTICUT.	
Bethel, H. H. Seelye, for lib'y.....	20 00
Essex, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. for lib'y, \$21.....	35 36
Greenwich, 1st Cong. church.....	5 00
Mrs. Jane McDougal.....	2 00
Meriden, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00
Middletown 1st Cong. ch.....	39 16
So. Cong. church.....	33 05
North Woodstock, Cong. church.....	5 00
Southport Cong. ch., of wh. Mrs. Chas. Perry, for library, \$20.....	182 56
Westbrook Elihu Chapman.....	20 00
Willimantic, a friend.....	5 00
NEW YORK.	
Brooklyn, Church of Pilgrims, of wh. Mrs. and Miss Buck, \$20, Mrs. Remington, \$20 G. H. Nichols, \$20, and John S. Ward, \$25, for libraries, also F. Woodruff, \$25.....	315 44
Edward Werry, lib'y for Nettie and Gertie Werry.....	20 00
New Hamburg, friends.....	100 00
New York City, A. V. Stout, for Sailors' Home.....	100 00
F. A. for Sailors' Home.....	57 00
William Libbey, Jr., for libraries.....	120 00
S. T. Gordon of wh. for lib'y, \$20.....	120 00
Homer Morgan.....	25 00
Episcopal Seamen's Mission, Rev. R. J. Walker, by H. P. Marshall, for library.....	20 00
Miss Laura Boorman.....	15 00
Miss Mary Boorman.....	15 00
Robins & Appleton.....	10 00
Brooks & Co.....	10 00
L. W. & Co.....	10 00
Mrs. Stiman Hsley.....	10 00
G. A. Sabine M. D.....	10 00
J. Wm. Beekman.....	10 00
Wm. Bliss.....	5 00
Josiah H. Abbot.....	5 00
J. B. Hoyt.....	5 00
Joseph H. Brown.....	5 00
S. M. Swenson.....	5 00
Zophar Mills.....	5 00
L. N. L.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
Cash.....	2 00
West Troy, So. Ref. ch., of wh. J. B. Jermain for Katie Jermain Savage library, \$20.....	31 50
NEW JERSEY.	
Newark, Central Pres. ch.....	25 00
New Brunswick, Bequest of Peter Cortelyou.....	100 00
Somerville, Mrs. R. H. Garretson, for the R. Hageman Garretson mem'l library.....	20 00
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia, Mrs. C. H. Dabney, for libraries.....	50 00
GEORGIA.	
Herndon, Moses D. Wadley to const. self L. M.....	30 00
IOWA.	
Green Mountain, a friend, of wh. for library, \$20.....	40 00
PORTO RICO.	
Arroyo, Mrs. Susan M. Lind.....	10 00

\$2,270 79



Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

A Fox-Hunt.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

"I don't know what to do with myself. Wish I *could* settle down to something."

This is what Jimmy Gordon said, one evening, after having spent half an hour in such a way as to "bring the mercury in his fidget thermometer up to some of the numbers which indicate a great degree of hotness." That is the way his grandmother put it.

"Perhaps a dose of 'Cliff Climbers' would be beneficial," remarked his mother.

"Don't want to read. Wish I could go fishing," replied the afflicted boy.

"I propose a fox-hunt," said Will Gordon, laying aside the paper he had been reading, and turning toward Jimmy.

Will was a "big brother" who had just entered the Theological Seminary.

"I'd just as soon go on a fox-hunt as to go fishing," said Jimmy, "but I don't see how we can do either to-night, 'specially as we are in a big city. If you want to start for the country to-night, though, I'm ready."

"It will hardly be necessary, I imagine, for us to go out of the city to find our game," said Will, with a laugh.

"Now, Will, what *do* you mean, anyway?" asked Lu Gordon, the sister, one year older than Jimmy.

"Why, I mean I would like to spend the evening hunting foxes."

"What kind of foxes?" asked Lu.

"Little foxes that spoil the vines," replied Will.

"Pshaw! I just expected 'twas something of that kind. I don't want to hunt such foxes," said the boy with the "fidgets," as he dropped on the floor before the fire and fixed his eyes on the glowing coals in the grate.

"I think," said Will, "there are indications of a fox very near. I am sure I can see the tracks."

"Show them to me, Will," said Lu.

Will wrote on a piece of paper the words Jimmy had last spoken, "*I don't want to hunt such foxes*,"—underscoring the first four words.

"There," said he, "I think we have a fox that spoils a great many tender vines, and I am more in favor of trying to exterminate the tribe of *I don't want to's* than I am of exterminating the Indian."

"They're mischievous creatures, *that* tribe," remarked grandmother. "You'd

better chain this one up pretty carefully, Will."

"Tribe of foxes!" exclaimed the bundle of uneasiness lying before the grate. "Guess you're getting your game and your Indians mixed."

"You see, Jimmy," said the mother, "that your help is needed in this hunt. Why don't you look for some of these foxes?"

"I can't."

"I'm after another!" exclaimed Will, "one of the most common little ravagers in this country. I wish the dog would get after him."

"Dog!" exclaimed Lu, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said Will. "Dog 'Try' after fox 'I can't.'"

"Now, see here! I'm not going to have you finding all your foxes on *my* premises!" exclaimed Jimmy, as he jumped to his feet and began walking back and forth across the room. "I guess I've seen some of these beasts before to-day. Joe Lemon's mother sent him down town for a quarter of a pound of tea, and he came back in about two hours without it. When his mother asked him for the tea, he said 'Oh, I forgot! Now *that's* a fox. You see he met Tim Brady and they got to fixing up Tim's old cart, and Joe forgot all about going on for the tea. Then Bob Lawrence made fun of that lame Kirby girl, and when I asked him if he wasn't ashamed of himself, he said, 'No, I don't care.' There's another fox."

"I saw a fox to-day," said Will, "which I caught in the very act of spoiling a fine vine. I tried to drive it away, but I am not sure that I succeeded. I met Bert Meredith down town this afternoon, and as we were alone in his father's office for some time, I had an opportunity to talk with him, which I have desired for several days. Bert has been quite regular of late in his attendance at our Young People's Meeting, and I have thought has manifested in many

ways an unusual interest in religious matters; but when I asked him to-day if he were not ready *now* to begin a Christian life, he answered, 'No, not just now; but I am going to be a Christian after a while.' When I found that fox 'Going To' trying to spoil that splendid vine I tried hard to drive it away; but I am afraid Bert is not quite willing it should be driven away."

The group sat a moment in silence, and then Jimmy rose, and saying, "Good night," went to his room.

"I know another fox," he said to himself, as he reached the door of his room, "but I couldn't tell them just now. I want to be a Christian, too, and I know now why it has seemed so hard for me to be one. It's that old fox, 'No Use Trying.' He almost persuaded me to give up to-day when I got so mad at Joe Lemon for tripping me on the ice. I *was* angry, that's a fact, and I just thought 'twas no use for *me* to try to be a Christian; but I'm not going to be beaten by a fox. I'm going to ask the Lord to help me kill him."—*Denver, Col.*

Why Mother Is Proud.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise,—
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When Mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter, to
speak.

Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why Mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud,—I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks and jumps to see
What her want or her wish might be.
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hunts for her spool which is out of its
place.

And proves that he loves her whenever he can.
That is why she is proud of her little man.

Summit, N. J.

Independent.

Loan Library Matters.

AT WORK FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Very few if any other of the thousands of loan libraries which we have been privileged to supply to vessels since 1858-9, have ever served a longer term of usefulness than No. 758. Its record on our register is to the effect that it was first shipped, Sept. 24th, 1863, on the bark *Eliza*, of New York, for Barbadoes, W. I., with ten men in the crew. Aug. 28th, 1867, having been returned to our Rooms, it was shipped on the brig *Edith* for Jacksonville, Fla., 7 men, and also a third time, Jan. 7th, 1870, on the schooner *May Morn*, of Bath, for the same port. May 8th, 1880, we placed it (its fourth shipment from our New York Rooms) on the brig *Florence*, of Stonington, for Galveston, 9 men in the crew. During the nearly seventeen years in which it has been doing its work, this one library must have been read by hundreds of sailors.

APPRECIATIVE AND GRATEFUL.

"Your library, No. 5,559, (contributed by S. S. Bap. Ch., Brockport, N. Y.,) which was placed on board my vessel in 1879, has made two voyages with me to Europe and back. Among the different officers and crews I have had since the library came on board, the books have been well distributed, and appear to have been read with interest by the majority, if not the whole, with more or less profit to their readers. And many an hour they have diverted our minds from the monotony of a sea life,—for which you will please accept the united thanks of officers and crew.

H. I. HIGGINS.

Master Bark Belle Wooster.

New York, 20th May, 1880."

FROM THE ST. MARY'S SCHOOLSHIP.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"NEW YORK, May, 1880.

"The officers and crew of the schoolship *St. Mary* beg leave to return their

sincere thanks to your excellent Society for the use of the two Libraries—Nos. 6,013 (contributed by Jonas M. Libbey, New York), and 6,047. (contributed by Mrs. Sarah A. Rose, of New York). The books have been our pleasant companions during the last cruise and we now return them to the Society, after having been read over and over again and that, with interest and profit to all. And we also, now beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of two new libraries* from the same source, for which we return thanks. And as there are a number of professing Christians on board, the books will undoubtedly prove of great benefit to them as well as to those who may be enquiring the way to Zion. The Lord will most assuredly bless both the donors and recipients. We sail in a few days for another cruise and if spared to return home again we will be able to report more fully. Our ship has been well cared for by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, as on every trip we have had a change of libraries. The moral and religious good resulting therefrom can never be measured in time. Eternity alone can fully disclose the full value of these silent monitors when read at sea. I am, on behalf of all,

"Very respectfully yours,

JOHN PATTERSON,

"Chief Steward."

"ALWAYS GLAD TO HAVE THEM."

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"The Library No. 6,189, (contributed by Miss Mary A. Strong, New York city,) which you kindly put on board the bark *Cedar Croft* over two years ago, has been read by different crews, and we have found many volumes interesting and instructive, and we trust, of great benefit to seamen. I should always be pleased to have one on board ship, and I

* Nos. 6,956, 6,957, contributed by William Libbey, Jr., New York City.

hope they may be the means of doing much good.

Your obedient servant,
W. I. YOUNG, *Master.*"

THEY SAVED IT FROM THE WRECK.

It was only on the 9th of last April that we placed Loan Library No. 6,946, given by the Presbyterian church at Marcellus, N. Y., on the bark *Addie McAdam*, bound for Sagua La Grande, W. I. The bark was wrecked on the voyage out, but the sailors saved the library, and on the 13th May, it having been carefully returned to our Rooms, we shipped it again,—this time on the schooner *T. J. Seward* of Baltimore, for Nassau, E. I., in care Capt. Applegate, 7 men in crew.

A CALL FROM THE NAVY.

Responding to the request of Commander A. R. YATES, U. S. N., we placed Loan Library No. 6,976, contributed by William Libbey, Jr., of New York City, on the U. S. S. *Alliance*, at the Norfolk, Va., Navy Yard, on the 15th May last. The Commander, acknowledging its receipt, says:—"The library will be a great source of amusement as well as of instruction to the crew of one hundred men, among whom are twenty apprentices of ages from 17 to 21. Please receive our thanks for your prompt attention to our request. We will endeavor to keep the books in good condition, feeling that when so much interest and generosity are shown, the least that can be done, is to show an appreciation of them."

Think a Minute, First.

Apropos of the sayings of the little ones, I am reminded of an incident which touched me very much at the time, and may find a responsive chord in the hearts of some who are parents. I was sitting on my porch on a pleasant summer morning, when up runs little

Belle, intent on a visit to a little playmate across the way. "Papa," she asks, "may I go over and play with Carrie, awhile?" and then, as if she seemed to discern a dissent in my face, she put her little rosebud lips close to mine and quickly added, "Please don't say no; think a minute, first." Was there ever a more charming protest against a hasty and inconsiderate answer? Of course, the little girl had her wish. We are perhaps all too ready, thoughtlessly to deny many of the little ones things that seem trifling to us, but are every thing to them.—And when their little appeals come, before letting the "No's" rise too quickly to our lips, let us think a minute.—*Harper's Magazine.*

"HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER;
THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG UPON THE
LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH
THEE."—*Ex. 20: 12.*

Baby's Good-Night.

Go to sleep, baby,
Shut your blue eyes,
Bright stars are winking
Up in the skies.
So go to sleep, baby,
Be sure you don't cry,
For mother will sing you
A sweet lullaby.

Up in their nests
In the great, tall trees,
Little birds rock
In the evening breeze.
Down in the meadow,
Beside the old sheep,
The baby lambs lay
Them down to sleep.

So, little baby,
On mother's breast,
Forgets all her troubles
And sinks to her rest.
God bless her! God keep her
Safe from all harms,
The fast-asleep baby
In mother's own arms!

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*
80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretary:—
Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S
REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES
SHIPPED IN MARCH, APRIL AND MAY, 1880.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to January 1st, 1880, was 6,729; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,602. The number of volumes in these libraries was 373,988, and they were accessible to 260,379 men. Nine hundred and eight libraries, with 32,688 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 103 604 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.

MARCH, 1880.

During March, 1880, twenty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,922 to 6,940, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,429 to 5,433, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
5429..	A Daughter, in memory of her Mother.	Three mast schr. Mary L. Peters.....	West Indies	10
5430..	Cong. church, Shrewsbury, Mass.....	Barkentine Harriet S. Jason	" "	10
5431..	Capt. R. C. Adams, Montreal Canada..	Bark C. Stewart	Australia.....	11
5432..	H. Conant, Pawtucket, R. I.....	Barkentine David Preston	Philadelphia.....	9
5433 .S. S. Central ch., Haverhill, Mass.....		Schr. Reuben Hunt.....	Coasting	6
6922..S. S. Cong. church, Hilo, Hawaii S. I.		Ship Timon.....	Anjier, E. I	18
6923..Mrs. Lydia Ann Graves, Rochester N. Y., for the George W. Graves Library.		Bark J. L. Pearson.....	Singapore.....	10
6924..W. S. Heog, Providence, R. I., for the Mrs Sarah C. Heog Library.....		Ship Suliot.....	Bombay	18
6925..Anonymous, New York City.....		Bark James Stafford.....	Antwerp	18
6926.. " " " "		" Reviewer	Queenstown.....	17
6927.. " " " "		" Bristol	London	18
6928..S. S. 1st Pres. church, E. Orange, N. J.		Ship David Crockett	San Francisco	23
6929..Frederick Fuller, Providence, R. I.....		" Liverpool.....	London.....	24
6930..Miss Sarah W. Boswell, West Hartford, Conn.....		Bark Bristol.....	New Orleans and Europe.....	13
6931..Frederick A. Libbey, New York City..		U.S. Torpedo Boat Alarm	Coastwise	24
6932		Bark Rainbow	Siagon, India.....	18
6933..Mrs Jane O. Mahon, Washington, D. C.		" Fred P. Litchfield.	Sydney, N. S. W...	25
6934..Frederick A. Libbey, New York City..		" Samaria	San Francisco....	30
6935.. " " " "		Bark Colusa.....	"	30
6936..S. S. Greylock Institute, Williamstown, Mass		" Havre.....	Queenstown.....	12
6937..Mrs. Remington, Brooklyn, N. Y.....		" Belgium.....	Europe and Continent	12
6938..Frederick A. Libbey, New York City..		U. S. Ship Nipsic.....	"	150
6939.. " " " "		"	"	12
6940..J. E. Knapp, East Orange, N. J.....		Bark Chasca.....	Singapore	12

Assignments were made, during March, 1880, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

6917..Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Hackett and Miss Farrar, Providence, R. I.	Ship <i>Triumphant</i>	San Francisco.....	30
6918..S. S. North Cong. ch., St. Johnsbury, Vt. 6919..	" <i>Valiant</i>	Portland, Oregon..	28
6920..Anonymous, New York City	Bark <i>Haze</i>	Yokohama.....	18
6931..Mrs. H. Z. Carpenter, Providence, R. I., for the <i>Mrs. Nancy Marsh Library</i>	" <i>J. B. Newcomb</i>	Europe.....	15
	" <i>Mary S. Ames</i>	Portland, Oregon..	12

LOAN LIBRARY REPORT OF THE

APRIL, 1880.

During April, 1880, twenty-five new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,941 to 6,962, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,434, 5,435, and 5,436, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5434..	S. S. Cong. ch., North Weymouth, Mass.	Bark Evanell.....	Havana.....	10
5435..	Miss W. E. Galloupe, Lowell, Mass.	" Ocean Pearl.....	The Mediterranean	9
5436..	S. S. Cong. church, Abington, Mass.	" Abby Bradford.....	Hudson's Bay.....	25
6941..	Geo. H. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" Charles F Ward.....	Havana.....	14
6942..	John S. Ward, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Ship Rembrandt.....	Calcutta.....	22
6943..	F. A. Libbey, New York City.....	" Gulnare.....	Howgate Arctic Expedition.....	—
6944..	S. S. Cong church, Pittsfield, Mass.	Bark William Dietz.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
6945..	Mrs. W. F. Allen Oswego N. Y.	Ship Oracle.....	San Francisco.....	30
6946..	Pres church, Marcellus, N. Y.	Bark Addie McAdam.....	Sagua La Grande.	10
6947..	S. S. Pres. church, Smithtown, L. I.	" Elleda.....	Dunkirk.....	14
6948..	Mrs. R. P. Buck and Miss Buck, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Ship Red Cross.....	Portland, Oregon..	25
6949..	Mrs. R. H. Garretson, Somerville, N. J., for the R. Hugemon Garretson Memorial Library	" Hattie E. Tapley...	Java.....	20
6950..	S. T. Gordon, New York City.....	" Ringleader.....	Portland, Oregon..	25
6951..	S. S. Miss'n Colleg. Ref. ch., 7th Ave. and 54th St., New York City.....	" Adam M. Simpson..	" " " "	26
6952..	S. S. Miss'n Colleg. Ref. ch., 7th Ave. and 54th St., New York City.....	Bark Mary Wiggins.....	Rouen, France.....	12
6953..	H. H. Seelye, Bethel, Conn.	" Wellington.....	Bordeaux, France.	16
6954..	Mrs. Charles Perry, Southport, Conn.	Ship Pansy.....	Yokohama.....	23
6955..	Capt. Herrick's Friends, Southampton, L. I.	" Asprey.....	Whaling voyage...	30
6956..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	U. S. Ship St Mary's, N. Y. Nautical School...	Cruising.....	175
6957..	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	"
6958..	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Essex, Conn.	Ship Sacramento.....	Bombay.....	25
6959..	Mrs. Ellen M. Dabney, Philadelphia, Pa.	" Ladoga.....	Melbourne.....	22
6960..	A Friend, Green Mountain, Iowa.	Bark Robert A. Chapman	Calais.....	20
6961..	F. McDuffee, Rochester, N. Y.	Ship San Stefano.....	Europe.....	18
6962..	Mrs. Ellen M. Dabney, Philadelphia, Pa.	Bark Northern Queen...	Rotterdam.....	12

MAY, 1880.

During May, 1880, twenty-five new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,963, to 6,980, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,437 to 5,441, inclusive, with Nos. 5,443, and 5,447, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5437..	S. S. Cong church, Sherburne, Mass.	Yacht Ocean Pearl.....	West Indies.....	15
5438..	S. S. Cong. church, Wellfleet, Mass.	Schr. Merrimac.....	Fishing.....	10
5439..	Capt. W. R. Hallett.....	Bark Norway.....	South Africa.....	31
5440..	Sea. Friend Society, Concord, N. H.	" Kathleen.....	Whaling voyage..	30
5441..	Samuel Wood, Pittsford, Vt.	" Gazelle.....	Liverpool.....	17
5443..	James H. Stone, North Andover, Mass.	" Revnard.....	Coasting.....	9
5447..	Shepard church, Cambridge, Mass.	Schr. S. W. Smith.....	Sto Domingo.....	8
6964..	N. Y. Epis. ch., Seamen's Miss'n, New York City.....	Steamer Columbia.....	Portland, Oregon.	68
6965..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	Bark Robert Porter.....	Java.....	14
6966..	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Meriden, Conn.	Ship Ellen Austin.....	London.....	26
6967..	Nettie and Bertie Werry, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Bark E. L. Mayberry...	Callao, S. A.....	14
6968..	S. S. Middle St. Bap. ch., Portsmouth, N. H.	Ship Snow and Burgess.	San Francisco....	30
6969..	Mrs. Wm. Wendell, Albany, N. Y., for the E. H. Roberts Memorial Library.	" Eric The Red.....	Melbourne.....	28
6970..	McR Wallingford, West Mitchell, Iowa	Ship Glendon.....	San Francisco....	30
6971..	James B. Jermain, Albany, N. Y., for Katie Jermain Savage Library	Ship Enos Soule.....	San Francisco....	25
6973..	L. P. Hubbard, Greenwich, Conn.	Bark E. H. Duval.....	Rouen, France.....	14
6974..	S. S. Cong. ch., Ellington, Conn.	U. S. Ship Vandalia.....	European Squa-dron.....	300
6975..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	" " Alliance.....	" " " "	100
6976..	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	"

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6977..	Mrs. S. A. Lemon, Lansingburgh, N. Y., for Mrs Anna Lansing Memorial Library.....	Ship Louis Walsh.....	Bristol, Eng.....	25
6978..	Miss Grace Russell Reeves, Newark, N. J.....	Bark George Moon.....	Adelaide, Australia	14
6979..	Young Ladies' Mission Circle, Bethel, Conn.....	Ship Frank N. Thayer...	San Francisco.....	25
6980..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	U. S. Ship Vandalia.....	European Squadron.....	300

During May, 1880, thirty-two loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows :—

No. 758;	No. 4,469;	No. 5,159;	No. 5,316;	No. 5,559;	No. 5,894;	No. 6,023;	No. 6,566;
" 3,219;	" 4,686;	" 5,168;	" 5,384;	" 5,695;	" 5,896;	" 6,276;	" 6,600;
" 4,040;	" 4,786;	" 5,185;	" 5,385;	" 5,698;	" 6 000;	" 6,360;	" 6,662;
" 4,463;	" 4,841;	" 5,269;	" 5,400;	" 5,742;	" 6,013;	" 6,402;	" 6,946.

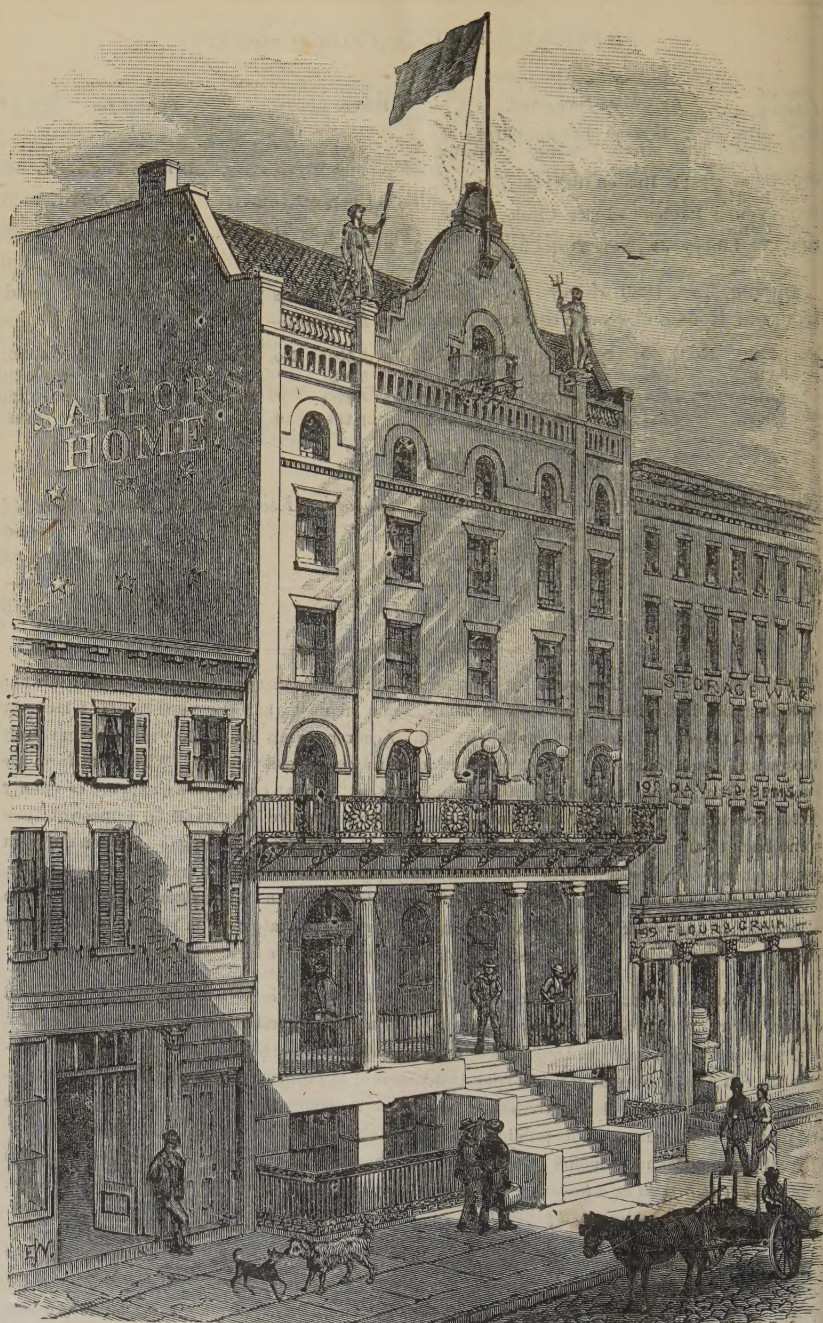
SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in March 1880—24</i>				<i>Libraries Reshipped in March 1880—41</i>			
"	"	April	" —25	"	"	April	" —46
"	"	May	" —25	"	"	May	" —32
—				—			
74				119			

THE SOCIETY'S LOAN LIBRARIES for seamen contain on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. When sent from the Society's Rooms, they are put upon sea-going vessels, in neat cases, at an expense of twenty dollars each, in the name of the contributor. After they have been read on shipboard, they come back to our Rooms, for refitting and reshipment, or may be exchanged between different vessels at sea, or in foreign ports. We send fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. And we mail, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same.

THESE LOAN LIBRARIES have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—*As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.*

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



THE SAILORS' HOME, 190 CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congressional House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts....	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St.....	Penn. " " "	C. F. Bowman.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts....	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	" " "
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rhode
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.....	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House...	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	N. Hamilton.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St....	Seamen's Aid Society.....	John Stevens, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison...	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 355 West Street, N. R.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. O. Bates.
Navy Yard.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" T. D. Williams.
BUFFALO.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" P. G. Cook.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Methodist.....	" S. H. Hayes.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts...	Boston Sea. Friend Society.	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts...	Baptist Bethel Society....	" J. P. Pierce.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" J. W. Thomas.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" " " " " " " " " " " "
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts...	Presbyterian.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Cor. Moyamensing and Washing-	Methodist.....	" William Major.
ton Avenues.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Catharine Street.....	Baptist.....	" P. Frayne.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" E. N. Harris.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" Chas. McElfresh.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts....	Baltimore S. B.....	" R. R. Murphy.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	American & Norfolk Sea. }	" E. N. Crane.
NORFOLK.....	Friend Societies	" James W. Craig.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society..	" Wm. B. Yates.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" Richard Webb.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water...	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" L. H. Pease.
NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" J. Rowell.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" R. S. Stubbs.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, to April 1st, 1880, is 6,799, containing 376,472 volumes. Calculating 6,733 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 266,466 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.